

## THE WINNER TO THE WORLD

You may laugh at my plans, you may say  
I'm a fool to expect to succeed;  
You may try to heap things in my way,  
You may answer me "No" when I plead;  
You may plot to destroy me and meet  
My every advance with a frown,  
You may spread out your snares for my feet,  
But you can't keep me down!

You may question my right to aspire,  
You may rail at my wish to mount high;  
You may hold back the aid I require,  
My worth you may grudgingly deny;  
You may try to entice me away  
From the path that leads up to renown,  
You may scourge me and scoff and be-  
tray,  
But you can't keep me down!

You may bring all your cunning to bear,  
For the purpose of breaking my will;  
You may load me with fetters to wear,  
You may rail at my strength and my skill;  
You may rob me of love and of trust,  
You may call me a knave, coward or clown,  
You may press my face into the dust,  
But you can't keep me down!

—S. E. Kiser.

## VAN VIVIER'S SCOOP

BY DOROTHY DIX

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Existence, as Philip Van Vivier planned it, was to be a very pleasant affair. He had youth and health, and wealth, and he pictured the future a gay kaleidoscope of minglings of golf, and polo parties, and grand opera, and little suppers after the play, and London seasons and Parisian boulevards, and it really seemed to him—when he stopped to mope—that this was a pretty good old world after all, and that given these things and a good digestion a man might be happy if he tried.

Then, too, to crown it all there was Madge. Madge, tall and slight, and sweet, with the tawny gold in her hair, and the eyes that changed with every changing thought—that were as blue as summer skies when she smiled, and grew black as midnight when she thrilled to any deep emotion. Philip could hardly remember a time when he had not loved her. They had grown up, boy and girl, together, with something singularly similar in their fate. Both were orphaned children, left to the tender care of unwilling relatives, and Philip never forgot the moment of their meeting. His uncle's place adjoined that of Madge's guardian, and he had been wandering about the grounds, a forlorn and lonely child, when he first came upon the little maid. She gave one long look at his somber face and mourning clothes, and then, with that swift and intuitive sympathy that God gives to even the youngest child, she went up to him.

"Little boy," she lisped, for she was scarcely more than a baby, "little boy, is 'oo lonesome, and doesn't nobody love 'oo?"

"No," he had answered with a sob from the depths of his hungry, little heart.

"Don't c'y, little boy," she comforted, slipping her hand in his, "I 'll love 'oo, and 'oo won't never be lonesome any more," and, indeed, it seemed to Philip he had never been lonesome again. There was always Madge.

But who may count securely on the future? More the kaleidoscope ever so gently and its figures change. There came a day when Philip had to do, not with visions of a golden future, but with a hard and merciless present. Suddenly, as an unexpected thunderbolt came the failure of the trust company in which his fortune

was invested, and he awoke one morning to find himself that most pitiable of all creatures on earth—the man who needs money, and knows no way of earning it. He had taken the blow standing, with a smile on his lips, like the thoroughbred he was, and just how deep the hurt went none knew.

"Pleasant prospect," was his sole comment with a shrug of his shoulders to those who would have consoled with him on his loss, "a beer income, with a champagne taste. Do you happen to know the best way of adjusting them?"

He might meet the situation with laughter and scoffing so far as others were concerned, but when it came to Madge it was another thing. "I can't ask her to marry a beggar," he said to himself, setting his teeth, and with

she arose and put her hand within it, and together they started towards the house, treading the narrow ledge, whose outer edge was death. A single push of the crazed woman's feeble hand and mutilation waited for them below, but there was not a tremble in the man's voice as he asked:

"And what do you think of the new tenor this winter at the opera?"

In the street below the crowd stood silent, tense with excitement, until they saw Philip hand the woman, still with courtly grace, through the door in the roof, and then it broke into tumultuous cheering.

As for Philip, his one thought was to get to the office. He realized the value of the story. The secret of the darkened mansion. The closed blinds. The beautiful woman, with her wild, mad eyes—it was full of color, it was picturesque. Besides it was a scoop.

There is, perhaps, no other joy in life equal to that which the young writer reads his own productions in type, and Philip's first conscious act the next morning was to reach for the paper. He had expected his story to be given some prominent place; perhaps to be featured. To his dismay it was not even printed. How long he might have stared at the paper in bewilderment he never knew, but that two letters caught his eyes, as they lay upon his table. One was from the city editor of the Asterisk, and he pounced upon it for an explanation.

"Dear Van Vivier," he read, "sorry, but your scoop was scooped. The distressed damsel you rescued is old La Roux's daughter, and La Roux, as you appear not to know, is the heaviest stockholder in the Asterisk. Naturally he wanted your story killed. Virtue is rewarded, however. I suggest you for night editor in place of Carson, who has resigned. Report for duty tonight."

The other letter was from Madge. It said:

"Dear Philip—I have heard of your rescue of poor Fannie La Roux. How could you be such a hero, and such a goose as to take such a risk. You need a guardian, sir, and I am going to marry you to take care of you, on this day one month. You can't refuse a lady, you know. Yours, Madge."

Philip read the letter twice, and then he bowed his head on the table, and when he raised it his eyes were dim and tender.

### SHOULD BE CLEAN-SHAVEN.

Writer Says Ideal Man Wears No Hair on His Face.

A recent writer says: "The ideal man is clean-shaven. Confidently he exposes to the world his features undisturbed by hirsute appendages. Can we conceive the Apollo Belvedere with even a mustache? I doubt it. A merely honest man also, one would think, should wear no hair upon his face. And for these reasons: Each of us in great measure, partly from exaggerated ideas of his own perspicacity, partly from the stress of life, judges his neighbor from his face. His clothes are but a doubtful index of his character. But his features are, we firmly believe, indicative of his nature and his mode of life."

"There may be villainy written large on his upper lip. A certain mold of chin betrays its owner as a man of considerable homicidal tendencies. Cover the lips with a waterfall mustache, drape the chin with an Assyrian beard, and it may well be that murderous monster is a pleasing enough fellow to view. Such an one does not venture to pass clean-shaven through the streets. Let each one of us present in all candor such features as are his."

"To possess a receding chin is no crime. It is merely a sign of weakness. But to conceal it with a huge and bushy beard and thereby to present the appearance of a man endowed with great strength of will is surely a false pretense. I do not maintain that all bearded men are rogues and murderers. But I reserve my judgment and suspect them of roguery and homicide."

### The Life of the Cell.

It is no extravagance and no mere figure of speech to say that cells move about with apparent purpose, that they feel, that they suffer and enjoy, that they absorb and assimilate food, that they live, love, marry, propagate, and die. And we can say with as much truth that they think. But of this last mentioned function it will be well to defer discussion until a subsequent time.

The cell, therefore, does all that the man does, has all that the man has, and possesses, within its tiny compass, heart, vein, muscle, nerve, artery, skin, bone, cartilage and what not of the future organism of the composition of which it forms one of the ultimate constituent parts.—Michael A. Lane, in National Geographic.

### Wanted—A Pin.

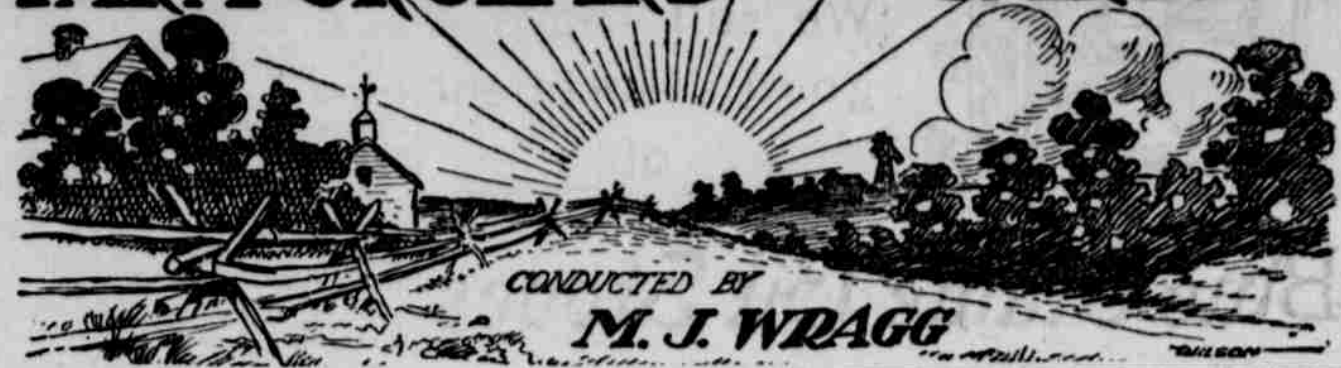
It was Mabel's first appearance at church and she was rather fidgety. First she wanted one thing, then another. Finally she decided that she must have a pin, so she asked for one from her father. He had none. Then she tried her mother; but her mother, too, had none. Mabel's longing had been increased with her ill success, so she climbed upon the pew and shouted at the top of her small voice:

"Has anyone in dis trowd dot a pin?"—Lippincott's.

### Recipe for Longevity.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, the famous New York divine, celebrated his eightieth birthday quite recently. "I have never been sick a day in my life," says Dr. Collyer, "and I have never eaten my breakfast in bed. What is my recipe for longevity? Live a natural life, eat what you want and walk on the sunny side of the street."

## FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondence dealing information on subjects discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, Waukegan, Iowa.]

### THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING.

The man who has proved himself a successful breeder is of inestimable value in the realm of stockdom and to him honor is truly due. There are many engaged in breeding stock and many have been more or less successful, but how many can we point out as masters of their art. Unfortunately they are few. There are many prominent breeders who own prize winning herds but in how many cases are the animals in their possession the result of their success as breeders. A great number of men in the business are more deserving of the name speculators than breeders.

It requires clear insight into the laws relating to breeding, and this in turn demands considerable experience before the height of success can be reached. There are so many influences having a bearing more or less direct on the laws of breeding and of some of the laws so little is known, that he who would be successful must be a close student. The most prevalent cause of failure is that many of those engaged in the work fail to comprehend its intricacy.

It may be that a herd of cattle is deficient in some particular point and the owner in his endeavor to rectify this weakness secures a sire that is strong in that particular but at the same time he overlooks some weakness in the sire that may be even more objectionable than the one he endeavors to remedy, and as a result finds himself in a serious predicament. This will illustrate one of the pitfalls into which the unwary may fall and points out one of the difficulties which will continually present themselves. It is impossible to get a perfect sire and the intending purchaser must reason out for himself whether or not his herd will be improved by the use of a certain animal.

The breeder must have in his mind some definite ideal which he is endeavoring to reach and without such an ideal in his mind little headway is likely to be made. A sire should be selected not only because he is a good individual, but because of the value he will be to that particular herd in which he is to be used. Supposing there are two animals to choose from. The first may, in the show ring, win over the second, but for use in a certain herd the second may be of much more value than the first. As an explanation of this, the first may be deficient in a certain point in which many of the herd are likewise deficient and the use of such a sire would tend to fix the existing evil more firmly and render improvement more difficult.

Let the breeder never be satisfied with his present attainments, but strive for something better. Let his watchword be improvement and though he may have reached a certain ideal in which he had in mind as a beginner, let him set up another standard. Only the progressive can hope for permanent success and we are in duty bound to strive for something better than present attainment and to give the world the best we can.

Not long since it was my good fortune to visit a farmer in an adjoining county. He kept a great many horses and had nothing but barbed wire fences. In order that his horses should know where wire fences were he had a number of long laths wired to the top wire of the fence, which had been whitewashed. Horses could see these readily and would not run into the fences.

The farm is the place to look for quiet, health and peace. It is the refuge place from care, and turmoil incident to town and city life.

A hen that lays an average of an egg every other day is a moderately good layer and will pay a good profit, but hundreds of breeders are making their fowls do much better than this. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

A subscriber who is a milk vender asks if he may use preservatives to keep his milk from souring while shipping to the city. Preservatives cannot be used in the states of Minnesota and Iowa, as it is prohibited by law, and it is very fortunate that we have such a law, as preservatives are poisonous and dangerous in the hands of careless people, and when their use is permitted they too often become a means in the hands of the slovenly milk dealer of taking the place of cleanliness in preserving milk.

Sheep, as well as other live stock, love a greater variety of feed, than they usually get; but sheep especially are fond of change and variety, even unto apparent fickleness. The more good grass they eat the more noxious and bitter weeds they will consume.

### CITY AND COUNTRY.

We frequently hear about the "slavery of farm life." True, farming if properly attended to often means hard work, and on some days long hours; but if rightly and successfully managed it cannot be otherwise than a labor of love, requiring the use of brains, of thought and study. The right kind of farmer masters the soil with his head more than with his hands. The city merchant, the store clerk, the city laborer generally—and this includes physicians, teachers, professionals, and often millionaires—all have far greater reason to talk about the "slavery of city life" than the modern farmer, who has no boss, is not kept imprisoned for ten or twelve hours a day in a dingy room, and whose whole life is the most satisfactory combination of congenial work, both of brain and hand, with perfect independence, and the purest of life's pleasures and blessings, has no reason to talk about the "slavery of farm life." Let us appreciate our advantages and make the most of our opportunities, rather than indulge in such slurs on our occupation as that which is expressed in the absurd phrase "slavery of farm life."

It is well to remember that a model udder is usually an indication of a good cow; however, an ideal udder or an extremely large udder is occasionally found attached to a very ordinary cow. A well-balanced udder with well-placed teats is as good an indication of abnormal size, as size does not always indicate quality. As a cow ages her udder usually becomes longer, even though she gives no more milk than formerly, hence the age of the cow should be considered when giving credit to the size of her udder. We also remember that the udder neither indicates quality of milk nor persistency in milking.

### STIMULATING MELONS.

In the northern limits of melon culture it is desirable to so stimulate the plants that they will produce fruit as early as possible and this may be done by constantly feeding the plants during the whole season. Nitrate of soda, where it can be got, is a good stimulant, and while it is a pretty costly way to supply the plants with nitrogen it pays with as valuable a crop as melons. Stable manure spread over the surface of the soil and worked in is good, and is hardly possible to overdo this kind of fertilization, especially if the plants can be watered freely.

In cultivating melons of any kind do not disturb the vines more than is absolutely necessary, as to do so retards growth and makes them produce smaller and later melons.

Attractive and convenient farm homes are rapidly becoming more common, and afford a pleasing contrast with those when log houses, log schoolhouses and rail fences were common sights.

As between spring and fall planting of trees there is doubtless more in the circumstances than in the season. A good tree well taken up and well planted will do equally well at either time of the year. But transplanting is an unnatural process and is a check to the growth of the tree or plant, which, until growth is fully re-established, is under unfavorable conditions, and the less exposure while these conditions remain the better.

We used to let the hogs run until they were a year old and older, and then fatten them. We have learned a better way and so have most feeders. Nobody feeds hogs that way now.

When you wish to "break up" a sitting hen, don't pull her tail feathers all out and duck her in water, but confine her in good quarters without nests and properly feed and water her. The thing you should aim at is to put your hens in laying order again as soon as possible.

The whole mission of the steer is to convert feed into beef, and the quicker he converts a given amount of feed into beef the more pounds of beef he will get for the feed consumed. Keep the animal busy every day at its proper work, from birth to sale day.

The farmer who takes into consideration the keeping up of the fertility of his soil will aim to produce crops to feed at home and keep such stock as he can feed and do it well. The taking of crops off the farm without planning to recuperate the soil is a bad practice.

If we are going to make any money in raising and feeding cattle, we must eliminate a year or more of time from the process of making a prime beef. It can be done.

H. C. James of Dolan asks where the Alderney cattle originated. Alderney is a term erroneously applied to the Jersey and Guernsey breed of cattle, which originated in the Jersey and Guernsey islands.

### ATTEND THE DAIRY SCHOOL.

This is the time of year when a great many butter makers are compelled to decide whether they will attend a term of the dairy school or put it off until next year. There are many who desire to go, but cannot arrange to do so on account of the financial question or inability to secure a man to operate their creamery during their absence, while there are others who are eligible to neither excuse and who are sorely in need of the instruction to be obtained at the school. A man who is operating a creamery in this day and age is working at a great disadvantage if he does not possess a dairy school education.

The question has been discussed considerable as to whether Angora goats or sheep are the more profitable. It is idle to discuss this question, as the profit from one or the other of these will depend almost entirely on the conditions under which they are kept. When much brush is to be consumed, the goats will be found to answer the purpose much the better of the two. On the other hand, if grass pasture is to be grazed, sheep will be found more profitable than goats. The great matter in choosing the animals is to choose them with a view to the fitness for the place which they are intended to fill.

September 27 will be apple day at the World's Fair. Every man, woman or child who attends the exposition on that day will be made a possessor of three or four of Missouri's best, "the big red apple." It is to be hoped, however, that they will not be Ben Davis.

We have become so accustomed to planting young trees that we seldom think of planting tree-seeds. The Gardener's Magazine (England) says: "The best way to rehabilitate barren and uncultivated lands is to sow tree seed broadcast, and leave nature to do the task of thinning out the worthless ones. Seedlings will adapt themselves to rough places better than transplanted small trees. The poplar, the willow, the ash and the sycamore are especially recommended, and of these the last two are of the greatest economic value, because of their suitability for timber, which is here used as supports in coal mines." In this country other kinds of trees that can be grown from seeds may be more desirable, particularly the nut-bearing trees.

Some of the advantages of having some of the mares drop their colts in the fall is that the team need not be so badly broken in the spring, or the mares subject to too severe exertion. The colts can be weaned on grass and so suffer the least from the change of food, and are out of the way when the mares go to the field. As the mare usually does not have to work so hard during the winter she can better suckle her colt.

Farm animals are the machinery which the farmer must use for converting the farm products into animal products of greater value. To run the machinery economically it must be continually supplied with all the raw material that it can use.

Plank boards for horse stalls are not a good investment. They wear out too quickly. Cement floors properly made with the proper slope are preferable. These floors should be made a little rough so as to hold the bedding. If you are planning to put a new floor in your horse barn during the coming season, be sure and talk with those who have used cement floors for their horses and listen to what they have to say in favor of such floors as compared with those constructed of planks, and you will soon be convinced of their value.

The problem of agriculture are the hardest that any line of business has to grapple with. No wonder people leave farms and hunt softer places. There is no true reward anywhere without hard work, and the best and greatest reward for intelligent industry is to be found on the farm.

The farmer who has confined his efforts to two or three staple crops does not know how his farm would respond to some one or more special crops. This is a day of specialties and many men can make a success growing some special crop who are not now making a good living growing some of the staple crops. The way to start on some special crop is to start with a small area and gradually branch out to larger operations. I have in mind a farmer who made a failure of growing staple crops and afterwards made a pronounced success in growing broom corn. Another did the same with popcorn.

Trees in the orchard that have not made much growth should not be manured. Keep every tree growing. An old orchard that is past its prime can be set to work again by manure and fertilizers freely used.